

Australia 30c. New Zealand 30c. South Africa 30c. Rhodesia 30c. Malaysia \$1.00. Malta 12c.0

No. 6.

EVERY WEDNESDAY 12 p



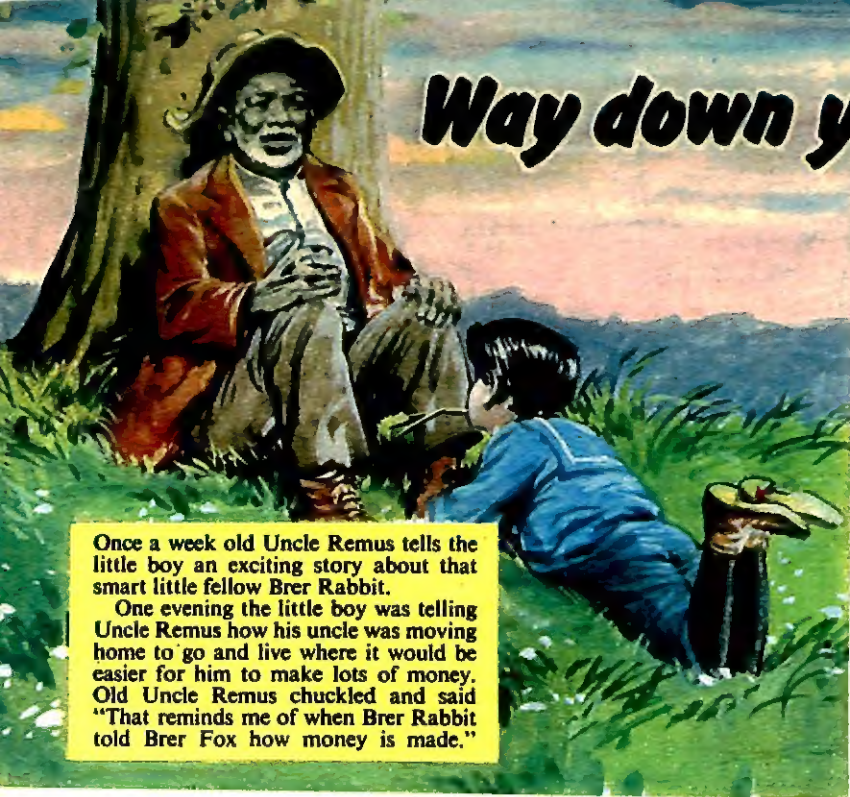
# the WONDERFUL WORLD of DISNEY

FULL OF GOOD THINGS INSIDE





# Way down yonder in **BRIAR PATCH**



Once a week old Uncle Remus tells the little boy an exciting story about that smart little fellow Brer Rabbit.

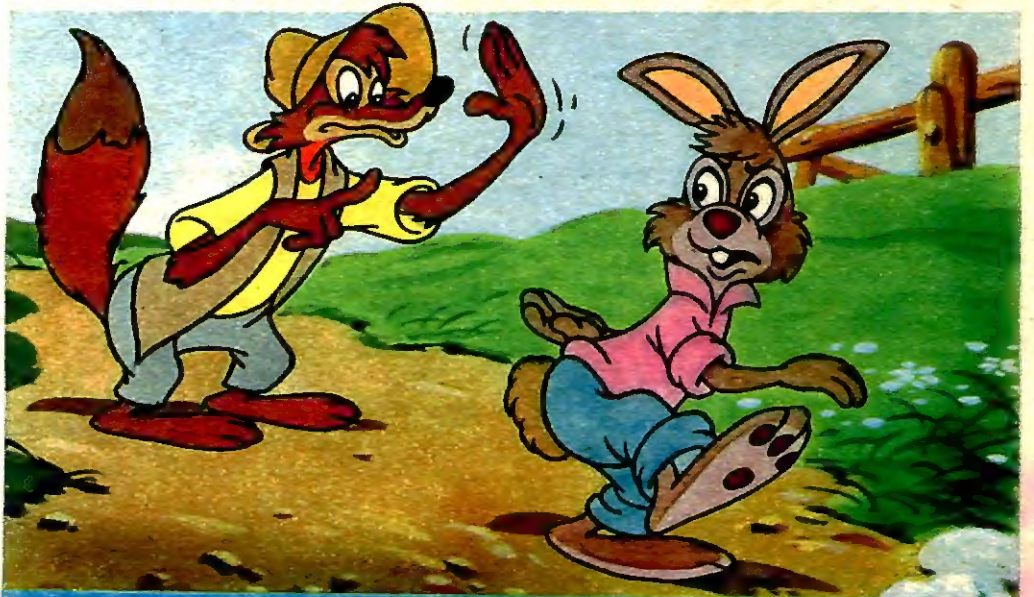
One evening the little boy was telling Uncle Remus how his uncle was moving home to go and live where it would be easier for him to make lots of money. Old Uncle Remus chuckled and said "That reminds me of when Brer Rabbit told Brer Fox how money is made."



1. One day, began Uncle Remus, it seems like old Brer Fox was walking along the road when he met up with Brer Rabbit. They passed the time of day and asked one another how things were going. Brer Fox said that he was doing very well, thank you, and Brer Rabbit, he said he was fair to middling, somewhere betwixt "My gracious!" and "Good gracious!" While they were chatting and yacking this way, Brer Fox heard something rattling in Brer Rabbit's pocket. Yes, boy, every time Brer Rabbit put his foot down Brer Fox heard a jingling and he began to wonder, he did.



2. Brer Fox said "If I ain't mighty mistaken, Brer Rabbit, I hear money rattling." Brer Rabbit grinned slow and twirled his whiskers. "It ain't nothing much—just some small change that I'm a-carrying in case of needcessity," said he. And so saying he drew from his pocket a handful of silver coins, all bright and spang-dang new. They shone in the sun so brightly they made Brer Fox's eyes blink.

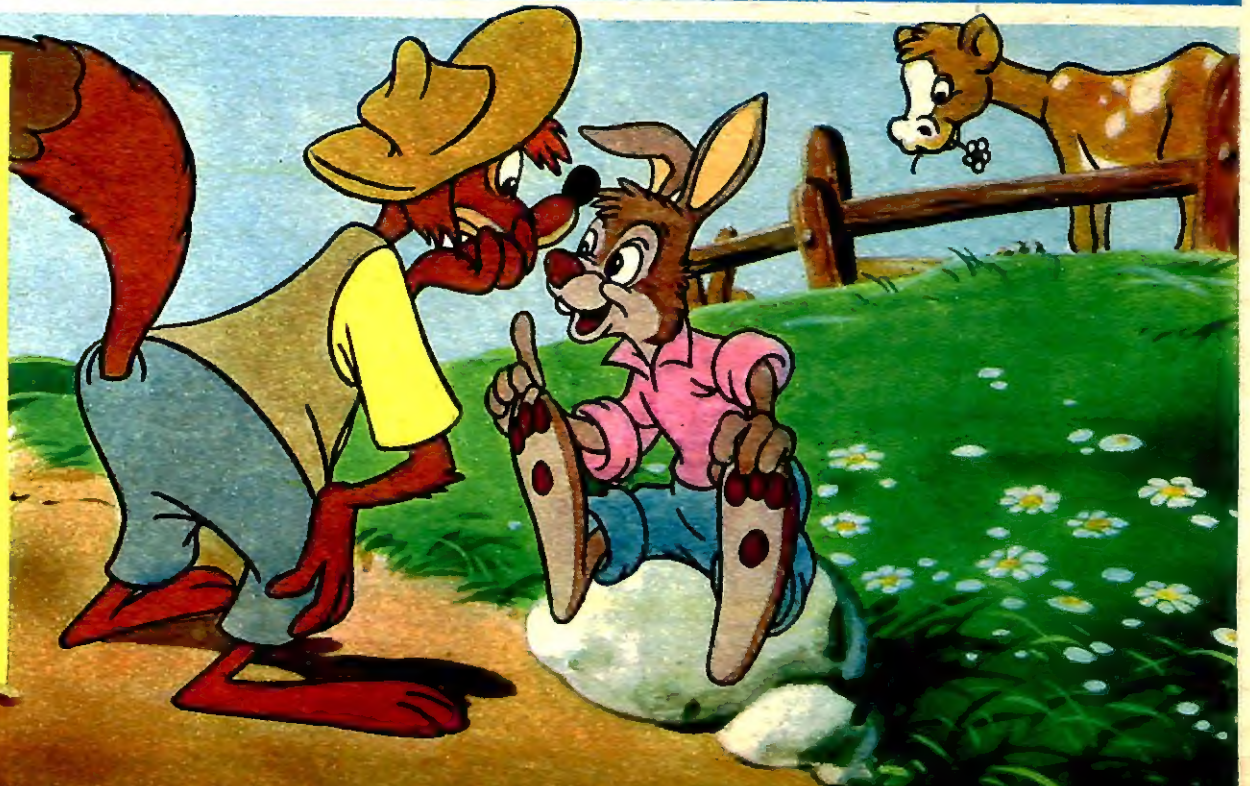


3. "Lawks-a-mussy, Brer Rabbit," gasped Brer Fox. "I ain't seen so much money since I sold my water-melons last year. Ain't you scared someone will fling you down and take it all away from you?" Brer Rabbit didn't quite like the way Brer Fox said this and he didn't like the look in his eyes either. So he started to walk away. "He who's man enough to take it, can have it," he morted and marched off down the road like one of Her Gracious Queenship's guardmen.

4. "Hi there, wait for me, Brer Rabbit," called out Brer Fox and hurried after Brer Rabbit. He wanted to know more—*much* more—about all that money in Brer Rabbit's pocket. "Where in the name of goodness did you get so much money, Brer Rabbit?" he asked. And Brer Rabbit replied "I get it where they make it. That's where I done got it."

Brer Fox looked real astonished. "Whereabouts do they make this here money?" he asked. Brer Rabbit looked at him and he grinned, because he knew that if there was anything Brer Fox liked better than rabbit stew it was money, money, *money*! "You've got to keep it to yourself if I tell you, Brer Fox," said he and Brer Fox said he sure wouldn't tell a soul.

So Brer Rabbit sat down on a big stone and he said: "Well, all you've got to do, Brer Fox, is to watch the road till you see a waggon come along. If you look real close, you'll see that the waggon has two front wheels and two behind wheels. And you'll see furthermore, that the front wheels are lots littler than the behind wheels. Now what does that mean to you? Come on now, Brer Fox, I'm sure that a very clever fellow like you can give me the answer to that, can't you?"





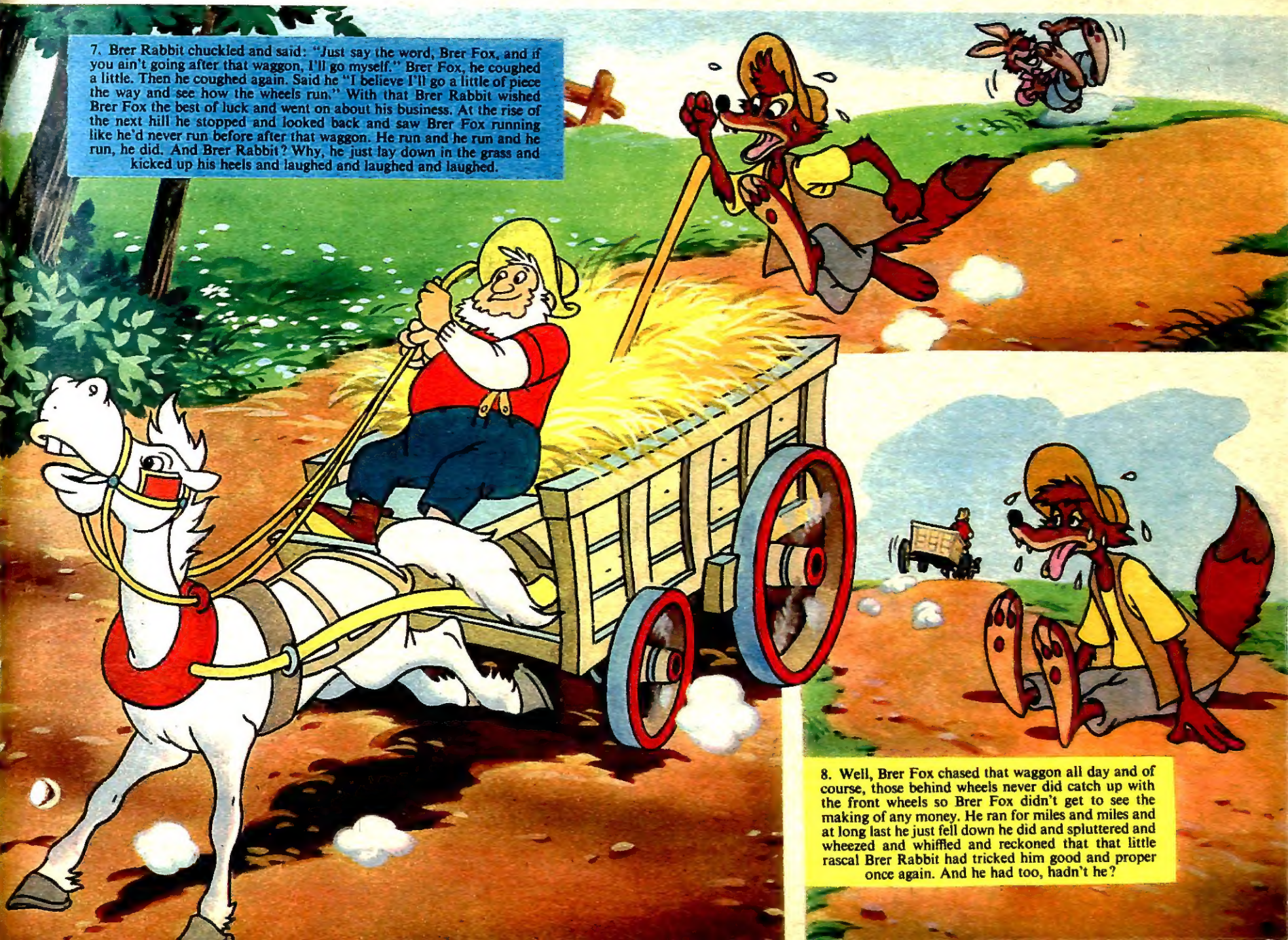


5. Brer Fox thought for a while then he shook his head. "You're too much for me, Brer Rabbit," said he. Brer Rabbit looked like he felt very sorry because Brer Fox was such a numbskull. He said "When you see that, you realise that after a time the big wheels are going to catch up with the little wheels. Your common sense ought to tell you that." And Brer Fox replied "That's surely so." Brer Rabbit went on: "If you know that the big wheels are going to catch up with the littler wheels and that bright shining new money is going to drop from betwixt them when they grind up against one another, what are you going to do then?" Brer Fox shook his head and Brer Rabbit looked disgusted.



6. "You can sit down and let the waggon go on by if you don't want any bright shining spang-dang new money," said Brer Rabbit. "Then again, if you do want the money you can follow along and keep watch for when the behind wheels overtake the front ones and be on hand when the money starts dropping." Brer Fox looked like he had the idea. He sort of laughed. Brer Rabbit smiled and went on. "Next time you see a waggon going by, Brer Fox, just holler for me if you don't believe what I'm telling you. Just bawl out for Brer Rabbit and, Brer Fox, I'll sure burn the breeze to where all that money is being made." Brer Fox chewed on a straw thoughtfully and just then a waggon came over the hill.

7. Brer Rabbit chuckled and said: "Just say the word, Brer Fox, and if you ain't going after that waggon, I'll go myself." Brer Fox, he coughed a little. Then he coughed again. Said he "I believe I'll go a little of piece the way and see how the wheels run." With that Brer Rabbit wished Brer Fox the best of luck and went on about his business. At the rise of the next hill he stopped and looked back and saw Brer Fox running like he'd never run before after that waggon. He run and he run and he run, he did. And Brer Rabbit? Why, he just lay down in the grass and kicked up his heels and laughed and laughed and laughed.



8. Well, Brer Fox chased that waggon all day and of course, those behind wheels never did catch up with the front wheels so Brer Fox didn't get to see the making of any money. He ran for miles and miles and at long last he just fell down he did and spluttered and wheezed and whiffled and reckoned that that little rascal Brer Rabbit had tricked him good and proper once again. And he had too, hadn't he?





# WINNIE- THE-POOH

BY A. A. MILNE

In which Eeyore has a birthday  
and gets two presents

"Nothing, Pooh Bear, nothing. We can't all, and some of us don't. That's all there is to it."

"Can't all *what*?" said Pooh, rubbing his nose.

"Gaiety. Song-and-dance. Here we go round the mulberry bush."

"Oh!" said Pooh. He thought for a long time, and then asked, "What mulberry bush is that?"

"Bon-hommy," went on Eeyore gloomily. "French word meaning bonhommy," he explained.

"I'm not complaining, but There It Is."

Pooh sat down on a large stone, and tried to think this out. It sounded to him like a riddle, and he was never much good at riddles, being a Bear of Very Little Brain. So he sang *Cottleston Pie* instead:

Cottleston, Cottleston, Cottleston Pie.

A fly can't bird, but a bird can fly.

Ask me a riddle and I reply:

"Cottleston, Cottleston, Cottleston Pie."

That was the first verse. When he had finished it, Eeyore didn't actually say that he didn't like it, so Pooh very kindly sang the second verse to him:

Cottleston, Cottleston, Cottleston Pie,

A fish can't whistle and neither can I.

Ask me a riddle and I reply:

"Cottleston, Cottleston, Cottleston Pie."

Eeyore still said nothing at all, so Pooh hummed the third verse quietly to himself:

Cottleston, Cottleston, Cottleston Pie,

Why does a chicken, I don't know why.

Ask me a riddle and I reply:

"Cottleston, Cottleston, Cottleston Pie."

"That's right," said Eeyore. "Sing. Umty-tiddly, umpty-too. Here we go gathering Nuts and May. Enjoy yourself."

"I am," said Pooh.

"Some can," said Eeyore.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Is anything the matter?"

"You seem so sad, Eeyore."

"Sad? Why should I be sad? It's my birthday. The happiest day of the year."

"Your birthday?" said Pooh in great surprise.

"Of course it is. Can't you see? Look at all the presents I have had." He waved a foot from side to side. "Look at the birthday cake. Candles and pink sugar."

Pooh looked—first to the right and then to the left.

"Presents?" said Pooh. "Birthday cake?" said Pooh. "Where?"

"Can't you see them?"

"No," said Pooh.

"Neither can I," said Eeyore. "Joke," he explained. "Ha ha!"

Pooh scratched his head, being a little puzzled by all this.

"But is it really your birthday?" he asked.

"It is."

"Oh! Well, Many happy returns of the day, Eeyore."

"And many happy returns to you, Pooh Bear."

"But it isn't my birthday."

"No, it's mine."

"But you said 'Many happy returns'—"



EYORE, the old grey Donkey, stood by the side of the stream, and looked at himself in the water.

"Pathetic," he said. "That's what it is. Pathetic."

He turned and walked slowly down the stream for twenty yards, splashed across it, and walked slowly back on the other side. Then he looked at himself in the water again.

"As I thought," he said. "No better from *this*

side. But nobody minds. Nobody cares. Pathetic, that's what it is."

There was a crackling noise in the bracken behind him, and out came Pooh.

"Good morning, Eeyore," said Pooh.

"Good morning, Pooh Bear," said Eeyore gloomily. "If it is a good morning," he said.

"Which I doubt," said he.

"Why, what's the matter?"





"Well, why not? You don't always want to be miserable on my birthday, do you?"

"Oh, I see," said Pooh.

"It's bad enough," said Eeyore, almost breaking down, "being miserable myself, what with no presents and no cake and no candles, and no proper notice taken of me at all, but if everybody else is going to be miserable too—"

This was too much for Pooh. "Stay here!" he called to Eeyore, as he turned and hurried back home as quick as he could; for he felt that he must get poor Eeyore a present of *some* sort at once, and he could always think of a proper one afterwards.

Outside his house he found Piglet, jumping up and down trying to reach the knocker.

"Hallo, Piglet," he said.

"Hallo, Pooh," said Piglet.

"What are *you* trying to do?"

"I was trying to reach the knocker," said Piglet. "I just came round—"

"Let me do it for you," said Pooh kindly. So he reached up and knocked at the door. "I have just seen Eeyore," he began, "and poor Eeyore is in a Very Sad Condition, because it's his birthday, and nobody has taken any notice of it, and he's very Gloomy—you know what Eeyore is—and there he was, and— What a long time whoever lives here is answering this door." And he knocked again.

"But Pooh," said Piglet, "it's your own house!"

"Oh!" said Pooh. "So it is," he said. "Well, let's go in."

So in they went. The first thing Pooh did was to go to the cupboard to see if he had quite a small jar of honey left; and he had, so he took it down.

"I'm giving this to Eeyore," he explained, "as a

present. What are *you* going to give?"

"Couldn't I give it, too?" said Piglet. "From both of us?"

"No," said Pooh. "That would *not* be a good plan."

"All right, then, I'll give him a balloon. I've got one left from my party. I'll go and get it now, shall I?"

"That, Piglet, is a *very* good idea. It is just what Eeyore wants to cheer him up. Nobody can be uncheered with a balloon."

So off Piglet trotted; and in the other direction went Pooh, with his jar of honey.

It was a warm day, and he had a long way to go. He hadn't gone more than half-way when a sort of funny feeling began to creep all over him. It began at the tip of his nose and trickled all through him and out at the soles of his feet. It was just as if somebody inside him were saying, "Now then, Pooh, time for a little something."

"Dear, dear," said Pooh, "I didn't know it was as late as that." So he sat down and took the top off his jar of honey. "Lucky I brought this with me," he thought. "Many a bear going out on a warm day like this would never have thought of bringing a little something with him." And he began to eat.

"Now let me see," he thought, as he took his last lick of the inside of the jar, "where was I going? Ah, yes, Eeyore." He got up slowly.

And then, suddenly, he remembered. He had eaten Eeyore's birthday present?

"Bother!" said Pooh. "What *shall* I do? I *must* give him *something*."

For a little while he couldn't think of anything. Then he thought: "Well, it's a very nice pot, even if there's no honey in it, and if I washed it clean, and got somebody to write 'A Happy Birthday' on it, Eeyore could keep things in it, which might be Useful." So, as he was just passing the Hundred Acre Wood, he went inside to call on Owl, who lived there.

"Good morning, Owl," he said.

"Good morning, Pooh," said Owl.

"Many happy returns of Eeyore's birthday," said Pooh.

"Oh, is that what it is?"

"What are you giving him, Owl?"

"What are *you* giving him, Pooh?"

"I'm giving him a Useful Pot to Keep Things In, and I wanted to ask you—"

"Is this it?" said Owl, taking it out of Pooh's paw.

"Yes, and I wanted to ask you—"

"Somebody has been keeping honey in it," said Owl.

"You can keep *anything* in it," said Pooh earnestly. "It's Very Useful like that. And I wanted to ask you—"

"You ought to write 'A Happy Birthday' on it."

"That was what I wanted to ask you," said Pooh. "Because my spelling is Wobbly. It's good spelling but it Wobbles, and the letters get in the wrong places. Would *you* write 'A Happy Birthday' on it for me?"

"It's a nice pot," said Owl, looking at it all round. "Couldn't I give it too, please? From both of us?"



"No," said Pooh. "That would *not* be a good plan. Now I'll just wash it first, and then you can write on it."

Well, he washed the pot out, and dried it, while Owl licked the end of his pencil, and wondered how to spell "birthday".

"Can you read, Pooh?" he asked a little anxiously. "There's a notice about knocking and ringing outside my door, which Christopher Robin wrote. Could you read it?"

"Christopher Robin told me what it said, and then I could."

"Well, I'll tell you what *this* says, and then you'll be able to."



So Owl wrote . . . and this is what he wrote:  
HIPY PAPY BTHUTHDTH THUTHDA  
BTHUTHDY.

Pooh looked on admiringly.

"I'm just saying 'A Happy Birthday'," said Owl carelessly.

"It's a nice long one," said Pooh, very much impressed by it.

"Well, *actually*, of course, I'm saying 'A Very Happy Birthday with love from Pooh'. Naturally it takes a good deal of pencil to say a long thing like that."

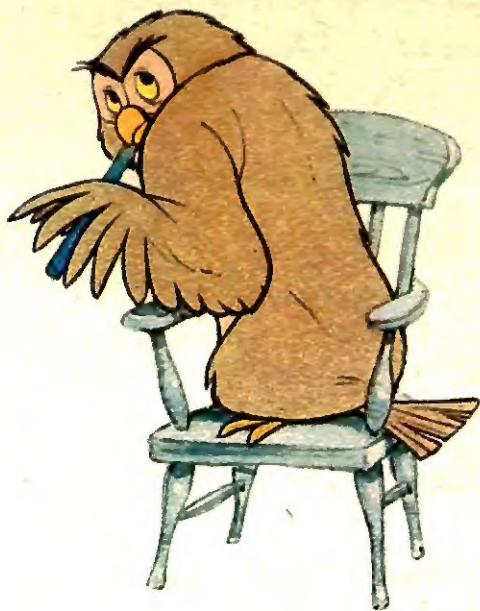


"Oh, I see," said Pooh.

While all this was happening, Piglet had gone back to his own house to get Eeyore's balloon. He held it very tightly against himself, so that it shouldn't blow away, and he ran as fast as he could so as to get to Eeyore before Pooh did: for he thought that he would like to be the first one to







give a present, just as if he had thought of it without being told by anybody. And running along, and thinking how pleased Eeyore would be, he didn't look where he was going . . . and suddenly he put his foot in a rabbit hole, and fell down flat on his face.

**BANG !!! ??? \*\*\* !!!**

Piglet lay there, wondering what had happened. At first he thought that the whole world had blown up; and then he thought that perhaps only the Forest part of it had; and then he thought that



perhaps only *he* had, and he was now alone in the moon or somewhere, and would never see Christopher Robin or Pooh or Eeyore again. And then he thought, "Well, even if I'm in the moon, I needn't be face downwards all the time," so he got cautiously up and looked about him.

He was still in the Forest!

"Well, that's funny," he thought. "I wonder what that bang was. I couldn't have made such a noise just falling down. And where's my balloon? And what's that small piece of damp rag doing?" It was the balloon!

"Oh, dear," said Piglet. "Oh, dear, oh, dearie, dearie, dear! Well, it's too late now. I can't go back, and I haven't another balloon, and perhaps Eeyore doesn't *like* balloons so *very* much."

So he trotted on, rather sadly now, and down he came to the side of the stream where Eeyore was, and called out to him.

"Good morning, Eeyore," shouted Piglet.

"Good morning, Little Piglet," said Eeyore. "If it is a good morning," he said. "Which I doubt," said he. "Not that it matters," he said.

"Many happy returns of the day," said Piglet, having now got closer.

Eeyore stopped looking at himself in the stream, and turned to stare at Piglet.

"Just say that again," he said.

"Many hap—"

"Wait a moment."

Balancing on three legs, he began to bring his fourth leg very cautiously up to his ear. "I did this yesterday," he explained, as he fell down for the third time. "It's quite easy. It's so as I can hear better. . . . There, that's done it! Now then, what were you saying?" He pushed his ear forward with his hoof.

"Many happy returns of the day," said Piglet again.

"Meaning me?"

"Of course, Eeyore."

"My birthday?"

"Yes."

"Me having a real birthday?"

"Yes, Eeyore, and I've brought you a present."

Eeyore took down his right hoof from his right ear, turned round, and with great difficulty put up his left hoof.

"I must have that in the other ear," he said.

"Now then."

"A present," said Piglet very loudly.

"Meaning me again?"

"Yes."

"My birthday still?"

"Of course, Eeyore."

"Me going on having a real birthday?"

"Yes, Eeyore, and I brought you a balloon."

"Balloon?" said Eeyore. "You did say balloon? One of those big coloured things you blow up? Gaiety, song-and-dance, here we are and there we are?"

"Yes, but I'm afraid—I'm very sorry, Eeyore—but when I was running along to bring it you, I fell down."

"Dear, dear, how unlucky! You ran too fast. I expect. You didn't hurt yourself, Little Piglet?"

"No, but I—I—Oh, Eeyore, I burst the balloon!" There was a very long silence.

"My balloon?" said Eeyore at last.

Piglet nodded.

"My birthday balloon?"

"Yes, Eeyore," said Piglet sniffing a little. "Here it is. With—with many happy returns of the day." And he gave Eeyore the small pieces of damp rag.

"Is this it?" said Eeyore, a little surprised.

Piglet nodded.

"My present?"

Piglet nodded again.

"The balloon?"

"Yes."

"Thank you, Piglet," said Eeyore. "You don't mind my asking," he went on, "but what colour was this balloon when it—when it was a balloon?"

"Red."

"I just wondered . . . Red," he murmured to himself. "My favourite colour. . . . How big was it?"

"About as big as me."

"I just wondered. . . . About as big as Piglet," he said to himself sadly. "My favourite size. Well, well."

Piglet felt very miserable, and didn't know what to say. He was still opening his mouth to begin something, and then deciding that it wasn't any good saying *that*, when he heard a shout from the other side of the river, and there was Pooh.

"Many happy returns of the day," called out Pooh, forgetting that he had said it already.

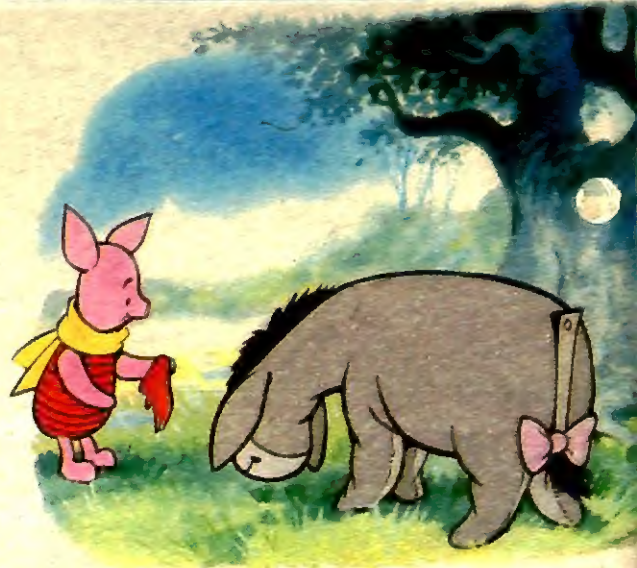
"Thank you, Pooh, I'm having them," said Eeyore gloomily.

"I've brought you a little present," said Pooh excitedly.

"I've had it," said Eeyore.

Pooh had now splashed across the stream to Eeyore, and Piglet was sitting a little way off, his head in his paws, snuffling to himself.

"It's a Useful Pot," said Pooh. "Here it is. And



it's got 'A Very Happy Birthday with love from Pooh' written on it. That's what all that writing is. And it's for putting things in. There!"

When Eeyore saw the pot, he became quite excited.

"Why!" he said. "I believe my Balloon will just go into that Pot!"

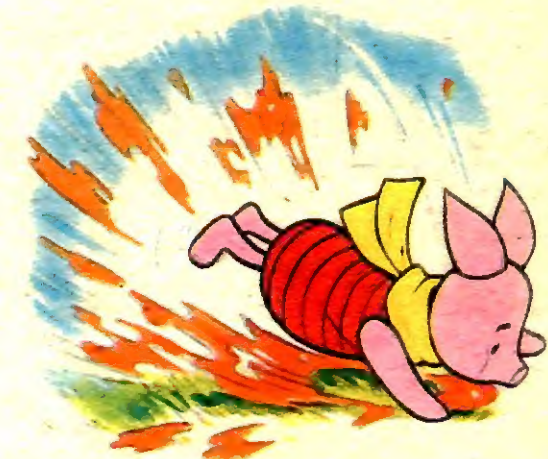
"Oh, no, Eeyore," said Pooh. "Balloons are much too big to go into Pots. What you do with a balloon is, you hold the balloon—"

"Not mine," said Eeyore proudly. "Look, Piglet!" And as Piglet looked sorrowfully round, Eeyore picked the balloon up with his teeth, and placed it carefully in the pot; picked it out and put it on the ground; and then picked it up again and put it carefully back.

"So it does!" said Pooh. "It goes in!"

"So it does!" said Piglet. "And it comes out!"

"Doesn't it?" said Eeyore. "It goes in and out like anything."



"I'm very glad," said Pooh happily, "that I thought of giving you a Useful Pot to put things in."

"I'm very glad," said Piglet happily, "that I thought of giving you Something to put in a Useful Pot."

But Eeyore wasn't listening. He was taking the balloon out, and putting it back again, as happy as could be. . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

"And didn't I give him anything?" asked Christopher Robin sadly.

"Of course you did," I said. "You gave him—don't you remember—a little—a little—"

"I gave him a box of paints to paint things with."

"That was it."

"Why didn't I give it to him in the morning?"

"You were so busy getting his party ready for him. He had a cake with icing on the top, and three candles, and his name in pink sugar, and—"

"Yes, I remember," said Christopher Robin.

(And so we come to the end of another funny Winnie-the-Pooh adventure. Next week's story is funnier than ever. Be sure you do not miss it—it is a real treat!)



# The story of Rose-Red

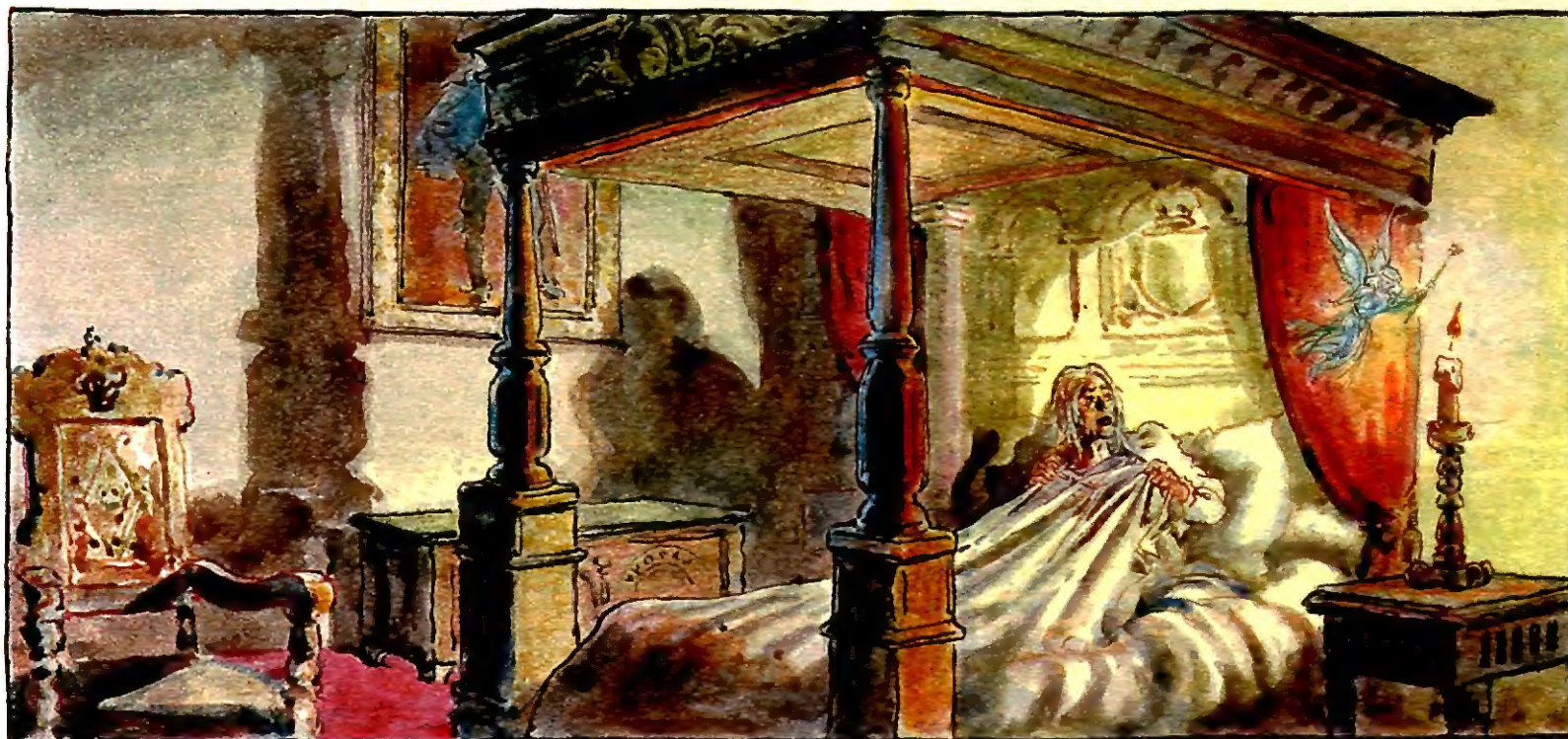


1. Here is another of Mother Goose's exciting stories for you. It is one of her special favourites. Now, once upon a time there was an old, old queen who was so old that nobody

alive in her kingdom could remember when she was born. In fact she had lived for over a hundred years. Her head shook like a leaf blown in the wind and her eyesight was failing.



2. But she could still see with her poor eyes young knights making love to beautiful young ladies and she grew very jealous and yearned to be young again.



3. "I'd give anything—anything at all—if only I could be twenty again," she would sigh. Little did she think how soon her wish was to be granted. One night after she had gone to bed, she awoke suddenly and sat up with a start for there, flying round and round the flame of her candle, was a little fairy. It was the fairy who had granted the queen the gift of long

life when she was born. "I have often heard you wish to be young again, your majesty. Are you willing to pay the price?" The old queen cackled. "No price is too high to pay for such a wish-come-true," she replied. "If you can make me sweet and twenty again, you have only to name the price. I will pay it."



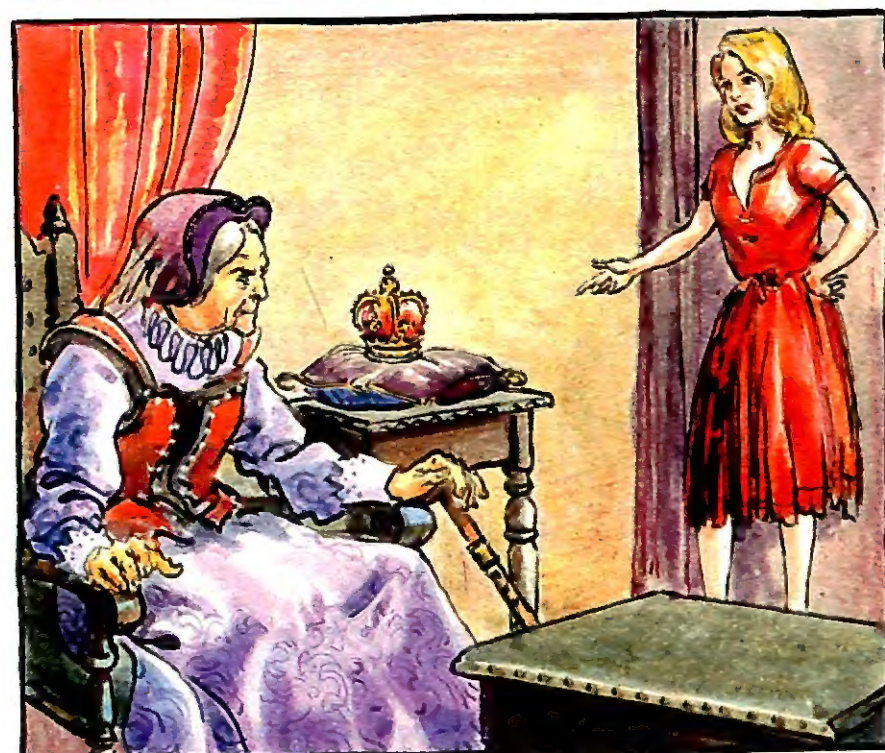


4. "The price you will be called upon to pay may well be a high one," smiled the fairy. "You see, you must find a young maiden who will be willing to exchange her age for yours. But I must warn you. Whoever is willing to accept your hundred years will ask for something in return. Only by giving her what she asks for, can the exchange be made. Do you still agree to the bargain?" The old queen couldn't nod her head fast enough. "Very well, so be it," said the

fairy and waving her wand over the queen's head, she vanished. The ancient queen blinked. "Well, fancy that," she said in her quavering voice. She was so excited she scarcely slept another wink all night. Next morning she arose and dressed herself in a great hurry. Then she sent for the Royal Messengers. "Search far and wide, throughout my kingdom, and find for me a beautiful maiden who will agree to exchange her age for mine," she ordered.



5. The Royal Messengers found many young beggar maids who rejoiced at the idea of being old and rich. But when they saw the queen's toothless shaking head and withered hands, they quickly changed their minds. They all preferred their poverty.

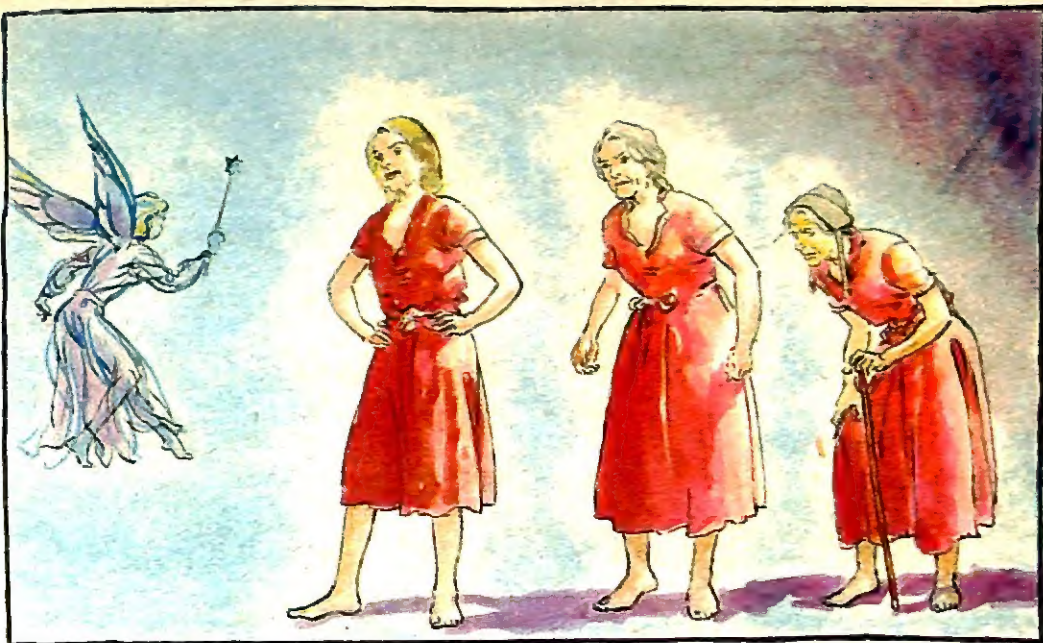


6. Then at last there came a beautiful girl named Rose-red, just twenty years old. She agreed to exchange her beauty and youth for the queen's old age. "And your price?" croaked the queen. "That!" replied Rose-red, pointing to the queen's crown.



7. "I wish to be queen instead of you," Rose-red went on. The queen began to regret her bargain. "Anything but that!" she said. "Nothing *but* that!" replied Rose-red. It was as she said this that the little fairy re-appeared.





8. "Tell me, Rose-red," said the fairy, "are you willing to learn how to be a queen, to act like a queen and to think like a queen?" Rose-red nodded. "Of course," she replied. "And you, your majesty, do you agree that Rose-red shall be queen in your place?" The old queen thought and thought. Then at last, but very slowly, she nodded. "Very well then," smiled the fairy and she waved her wand three times. At once Rose-red began to change into a wizened old crone.



9. While Rose-red was changing into an old woman, the queen had once more become young and twenty. She flung her arms wide and laughed with great delight. "Young! Young again and as beautiful as ever I was!" she cried out. "I feel as though all the world belongs to me."



10. But alas! All the world did *not* belong to the queen. Neither did her crown nor all her riches nor all her lands nor all her castles nor all her soldiers, none of whom recognised her. Believing her to be a beggar girl who had broken into

the palace to steal something, two soldiers took hold of her and tried to drag her away. But she fought hard for she could not bear to leave her splendid home. Rose-red the new queen watched with her weak eyes.



11. Rose-red's head was shaking, she could scarcely walk. Oh, how she regretted the bargain she had made. "Take back your crown and let me have my youth and beauty," she cried. The ex-queen agreed and instantly the little fairy appeared and waved her wand. At once the ex-queen became an old woman

again while Rose-red regained all her youth and beauty. Both smiled for they had found new happiness. The old queen smiled. "You must stay here with me," said she, "for you have taught me a lesson. I'd rather be old and queen than anything else on earth," "And I'd rather be young and beautiful," said Rose-red.





# Sleepy's Tongue-Twister

"Sleepy is missing! Sleepy is missing!"  
So shouted Happy, the jolliest of the Seven  
Dwarfs and Snow White dropped the violets she  
had been picking and ran back to the river where

she had left the Dwarfs playing hide-and-seek.  
"When did you see Sleepy last?" she asked.  
"About ten minutes ago and we've called and  
called but he doesn't answer," replied Happy.

Snow White looked round.  
"I don't see Dopey, either," she said.  
"Huh, don't worry about *him*," grumbled  
Grumpy. "He's on the other side of the river  
fishing in a bucket."  
"Fishing in a bucket?" said Snow White. "What  
does he hope to catch in a bucket?"  
"Two soles," said Doc.  
"Two soles?" smiled Snow White. "Why, that's





impossible!"

"No—*ah-ah-tishoo!*—it isn't!" sneezed Sneezzy, "cos he put two old boots into the bucket first. Boots have soles, don't they?"

"I see," said Snow White seriously. "How does he know he won't catch two (h)eeels instead?"

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the dwarfs. "That's a good one, that is. We must go and tell Dopey."

"Before you do," Snow White told them, "don't

you think we'd better look for Sleepy?"

"Golly-willikins, we'd forgotten all about Sleepy," said Bashful who was so shy he was trying to hide himself behind the others.

Then it was that Sleepy who had been seated behind a tree all this time spoke up.

"I say, everybody," said he, blinking dozily.

"I've been sitting here trying to say a tongue-twister that I learned when I was a lad. But I can't

say it quickly without making a mistake. Can you?"

Well, Snow White and the other dwarfs tried and tried and tried. But none of them could say it quickly without twisting their tongues. So, reader, see if you can do better.

Here's the tongue-twister.

"Sleepy's sheep shouldn't sleep in a shack.

Sleepy's sheep should sleep in a shed."

Have fun now!





# ANIMALS

## OF OUR WONDERFUL WORLD



1. Well, see who is looking in on us this week. It's that cunning rascal Shere Khan, isn't it? He's taken a mighty leap out of the pages of "The Jungle Book" because he had heard that this week we are telling you something about the Lord of the Jungle, the savage and mighty tiger.

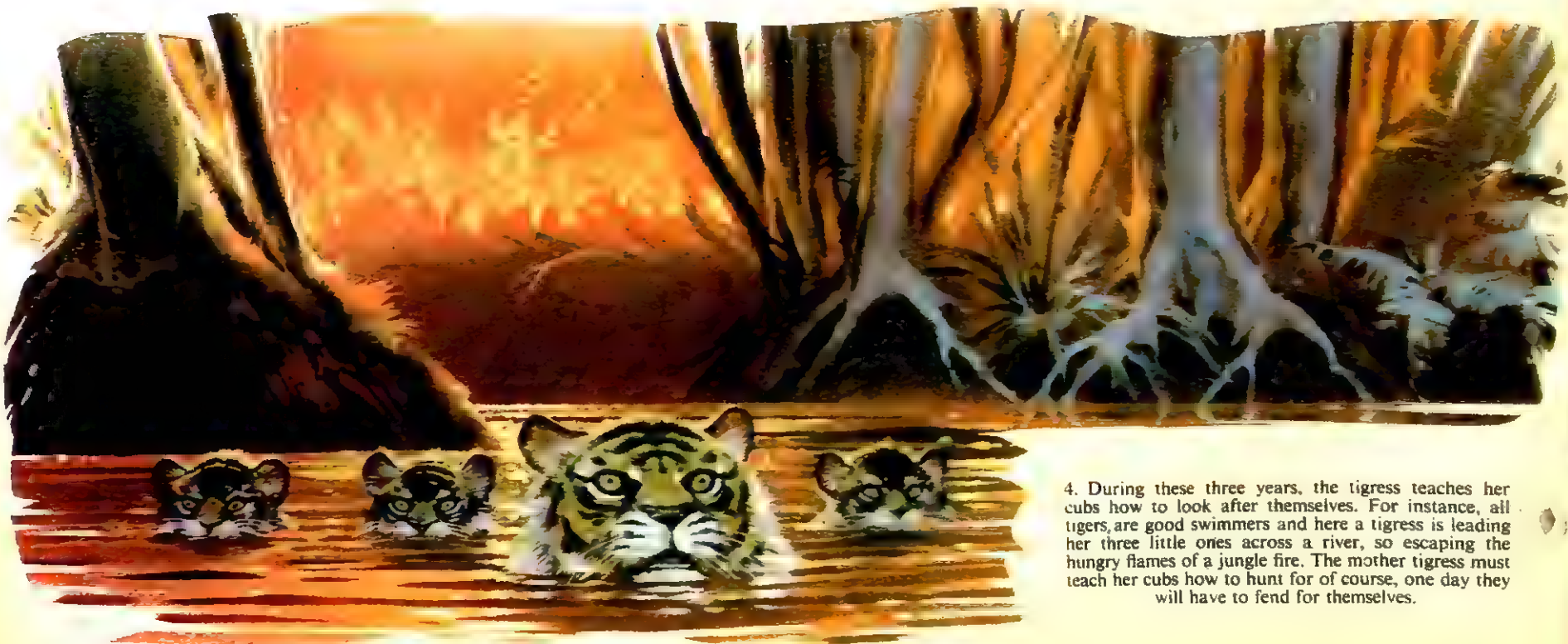
This week: **The Tiger**



2. Make no doubt about it, the tiger will kill anything that moves—even the giant elephant holds no terrors for this great striped beast. Many tigers become man-killers and it is a known fact that one tiger slew a hundred and twenty-seven people in one year. The tiger as we know him today has been with us for a long time. Millions of years ago he looked like this. Because of those teeth, he has been called "Sabre-tooth."



3. But with the passing of the years, he has lost those huge wicked teeth and his hide is now tawny yellow with black stripes. Believe it or not there are also black tigers and white tigers but these are very rare. The female tiger is called a tigress and like most animals she is a good mother. Tiger kittens number from two to five in a litter. The young remain with their mother until they are three years old.



4. During these three years, the tigress teaches her cubs how to look after themselves. For instance, all tigers are good swimmers and here a tigress is leading her three little ones across a river, so escaping the hungry flames of a jungle fire. The mother tigress must teach her cubs how to hunt for of course, one day they will have to fend for themselves.





5. Tigers like hunting at night—for a very good reason. Many animals feel safer at night than in the blinding sunshine of the day and they will go forth to feed and to drink at the jungle pools, when darkness has fallen. In this picture, some deer have come to a pool to refresh themselves. Now if you look closely, up in the top right-hand corner you can see our tigress with her three cubs. She has taken them with her to teach them how to hunt.



6. One mighty bound and if the tigress is lucky she will fell a deer in that instant. It's possible though that the deer's wonderful ears have warned it just as the tigress leaps. Then will follow a race for life but swift as the deer is, it will be very fortunate indeed if it can escape the tigress for the huge cat can run at most amazing speeds. In the distance, the cubs watch.



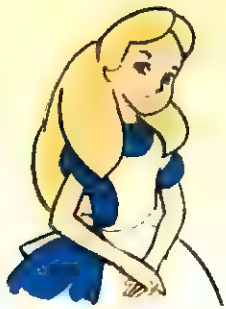
7. The tiger lives only in Asia. Nowadays this magnificent animal is not hunted as often as it once was. The reason is a simple one. So many were slain that the numbers of tigers alive in the world today have been greatly reduced. However, once a tiger has taken to man-eating he prefers this form of food to any other. He will go on killing human beings until he is tracked down and killed himself.



8. In its native wild state, the tiger is the most blood-thirsty of beasts. In captivity it is very treacherous. And this is why animal trainers have to be very brave men. Perhaps it would be wiser to leave wild animals in their natural homes where they are happier!

Arthur M. B. B. B.





# Alice asks "Do You Know?"



1. If there is one thing Alice likes better than chasing White Rabbits through Wonderland it is asking questions. And here she is this week to ask *you* some questions. For instance, she asks if you know who Dick Whittington *really* was? He's the little boy who, seated on Highgate

Hill, heard Bow Bells ringing: "Turn again, Dick Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London." Well, there *was* a Lord Mayor of London named Richard Whittington and he *was* Lord Mayor three times. He lived 600 years ago and gave away lots of money during his life-time.



2. The real Richard Whittington was never poor. He was a rich dealer in silks and velvets. In the oft-told tale of little Dick Whittington, he has a cat, doesn't he? Well, that leads Alice to her next question. Here is a beautiful long-haired kitten. Do you know what type of cat it is? Well, it's a Persian. Have you ever seen a white cat with pink eyes?

They are nearly always deaf. Do you know that the Ancient Egyptians used cats to hunt birds? The cats you see in this country are members of the great cat family, which includes the lion, the jaguar, the panther, the leopard and last but by no means least the mighty tiger and you can read all about the tiger on pages 12 and 13.





3. Here is a Wild West cowboy on his bronco. Do you know why the cowboy's horse is called a bronco? The Spanish word for "wild" is bronco and one hundred years ago, in the hey-day of the cowboys in the far West, the horses they rode were often wild horses which they

had rounded up and tamed. Do you know why a cowboy wears high-heeled boots? Well, when a cowboy ropes a steer he pulls on his horse's reins and jerks him to a halt. Those high-heels prevent the cowboy's boots from slipping through the stirrups at such a time.



4. Here are two lovely little birds. Do you know what they are called? They are known as Budgerigars. Do you know where they come from? They come from Australia. Now you know that when it is winter-time in Britain, it is summer-time in Australia, don't you? Well, when the first budgerigars were brought to Britain from Australia they laid their

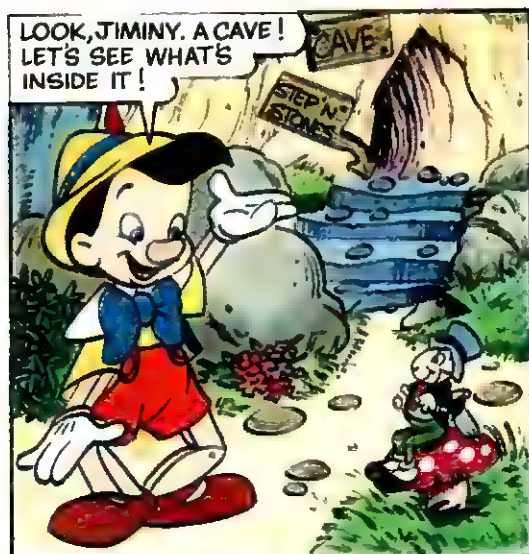
eggs at Christmas and the baby budgies were hatched when the snow was thick on the ground. They belong to the parrot family and like a lot of parrots they are often very good speakers.

"I hope you liked my questions and answers," says Alice.





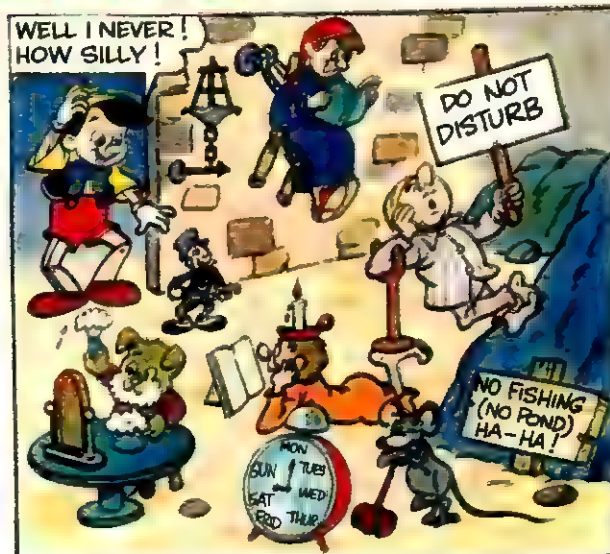
# THE PLAYFUL PRANKS OF **PINOCCHIO**



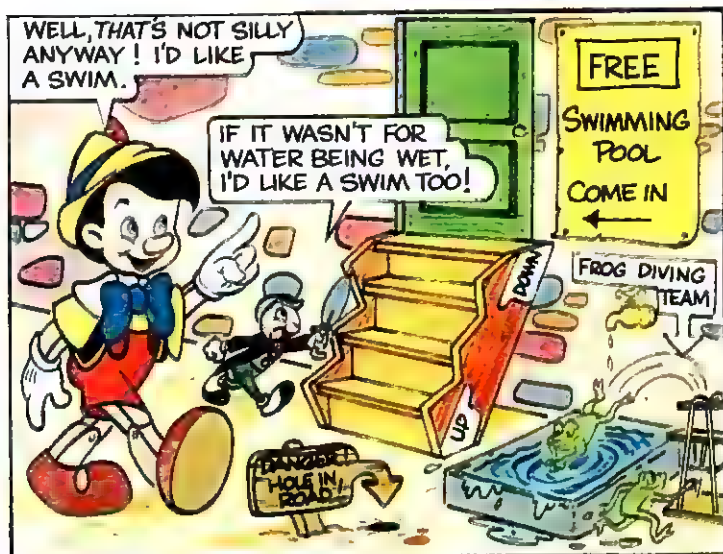
Our lad was roaming far and wide,  
Seeking fun in the countryside.  
When suddenly he chanced to see  
A cave—marked "CAVE"—plain as could be!



Well, once that little cave he spotted,  
Right up those steps Pinocchio trotted.  
He found within the cave a door,  
And felt he ought to see some more!



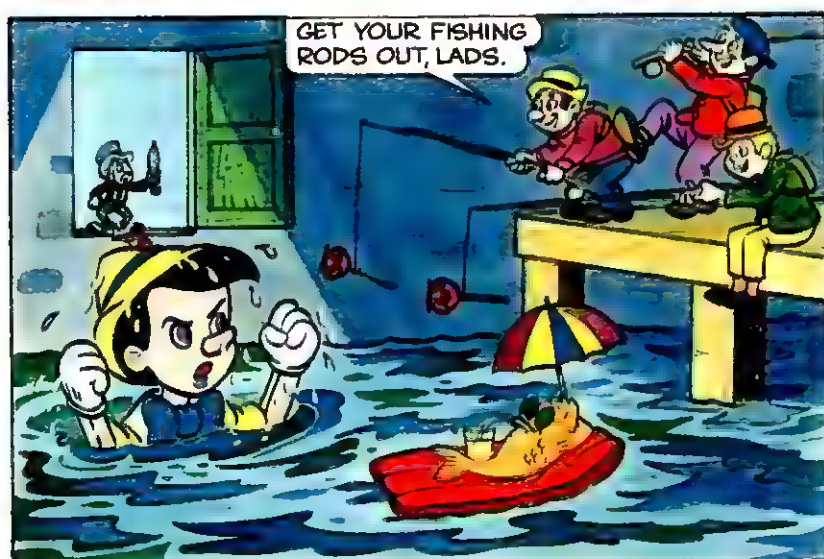
To turn the door-knob Pino tried,  
And very soon he was inside,  
And then a smile lit up his face—  
He'd found *another* nutsy place.



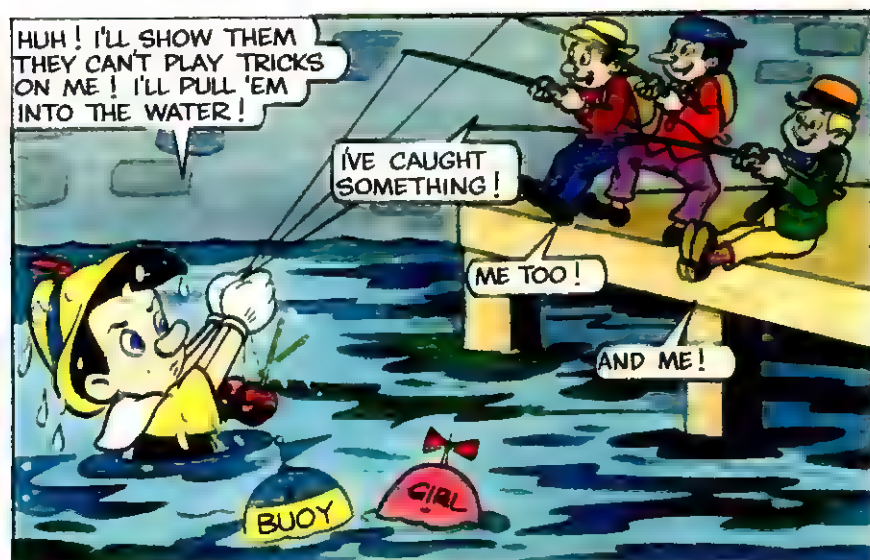
The things that happened in that cave  
Were quite enough to make you rave.  
But one and all they pleased the boy,  
And brought him quite a lot of joy.



Just then Pinocchio chanced to see  
A door to swimmery marked "FREE"  
But when he stepped across the ledge,  
He found the swim-pool had no edge!

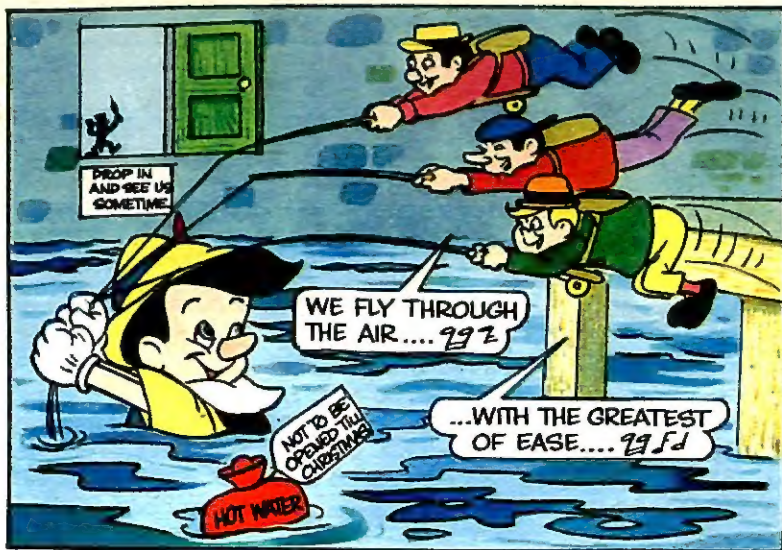


He tumbled in, completely dressed  
And his clean, tidy clothes got messed.  
This naturally annoyed the lad,  
In fact, it made him hopping mad!



Beside the swim-pool sat some bods,  
All armed with lengthy fishing rods  
And they agreed: "Well, well—what sport!"  
When on their lines our lad was caught!





Pino was mad, without a doubt,  
And wouldn't let them pull him out,  
He cried, with a real cheery grin,  
"Look out—I'm going to pull you in!"



Right off the side he pulled them all,  
But strange to say they didn't fall,  
They each one, had a parachute  
Sewn to the backside of his suit.



Then much far quicker than you think,  
The little men had crossed the drink  
And cried: "The poor lad needs a belt—  
If we don't throw him one he'll melt!"



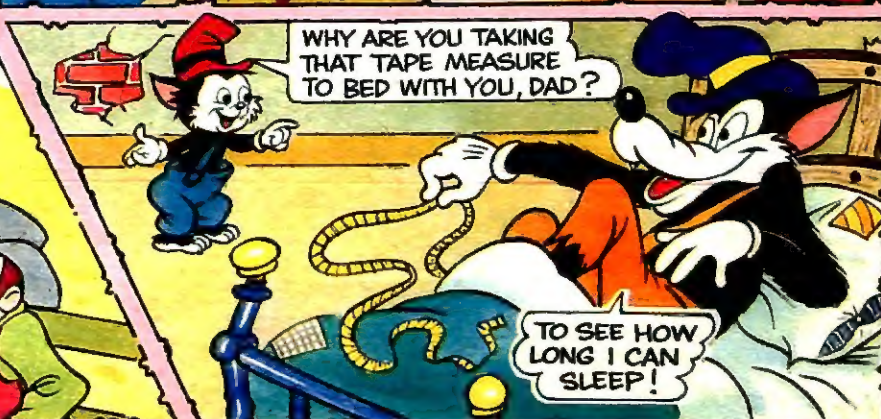
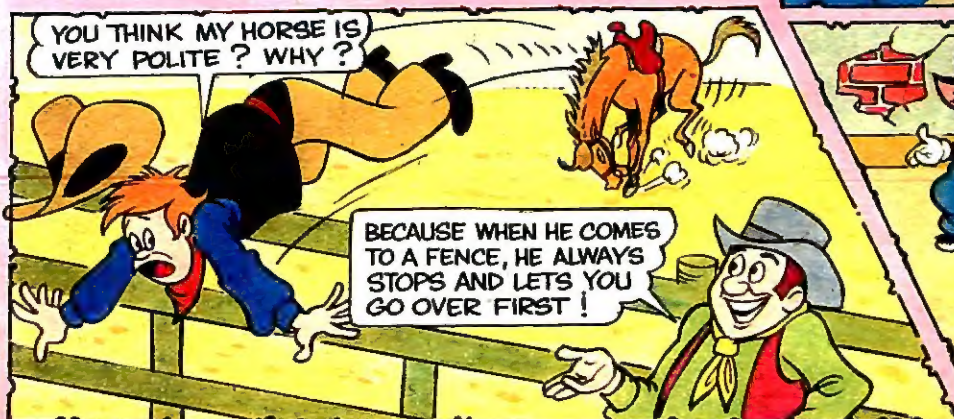
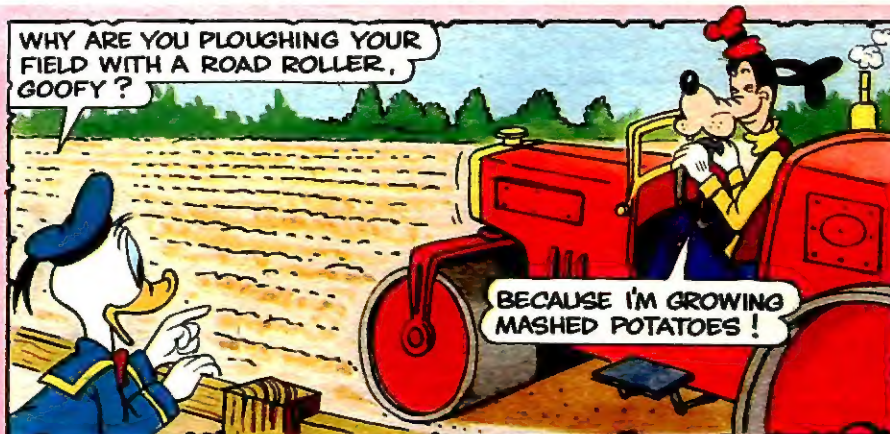
Before he knew what 'twas about,  
They belted him and dragged him out!  
And cried: "Since one of us can row,  
We'll give the boy a homeward tow!"



Then all the little fellows roared:  
"We'd like our life-saving reward.  
And it would seem most good to we,  
If we all stopped and shared your tea!"



# MICKEY'S MERRY MOMENTS





# The Sword in the Stone

As the days passed by, Sir Ector became more and more used to Merlin the magician being around, and he paid less and less attention to him. So Merlin was left in peace to get on with the business of educating young Arthur (or Wart, as he was known) the nobleman's adopted son.

Truth to tell, Sir Ector couldn't have cared less about Wart's education. Although fond of the boy, he was much more interested in Kay, his own son.

Kay, a stupid, lazy youth, was supposed to be training for a jousting tournament. This was no ordinary jousting tournament, however—far from it! You see, the winner of the tournament, which was to be held in London Town on New Year's Day, would be crowned King of Britain!

Now if you have been following this story, you will remember that in those far-off days the people had no one to rule over them. The last king, King Uther, had had no children to take his place when his reign had come to an end.

So at last it was agreed that a jousting contest would decide who should become the next king, for everyone had long since forgotten about the mysterious Sword in the Stone.

Many years before, when Sir Ector himself was but a youth, a huge stone had appeared as if by magic in a London churchyard. Upon the stone sat a mighty anvil, and thrust through the anvil right into the stone was a sword with a message written on the hilt. It said:

*Who pulleth out this sword of this stone  
is rightwise King born of Britain.*

Naturally there were many young men at the time who wanted to try to pull the sword out of the stone. But though many tried, no one ever succeeded. So in time, the strange sword in the stone was left alone to become overgrown with weeds.

Now when Wart heard about the jousting

tournament, he was quite thrilled, for Sir Ector had promised to let him attend the tournament as Kay's squire. That meant that Wart was to be in charge of Kay's sword and his armour and such-like.

The little boy felt very honoured, but Kay, who liked to bully his little step-brother, kept reminding Wart that if he wasn't good, and if he didn't do all the work about the castle, he wouldn't be allowed to go to the tournament after all.

So most days Wart was kept busy almost from dawn until dusk, and that didn't please Merlin one little bit!

"You shouldn't be wasting your time doing the housework!" the old wizard told Wart in the castle kitchen one day. "I think it is time I taught you another lesson."

"Oh, no, sir," replied Wart humbly. "I'd better not stop working. Kay told me to wash all these dishes, so I'll have to wash them. They won't wash themselves, you know!"

"Who says so?" chuckled the merry magician. And, with a wave of his wand and a few muttered mystical words, he brought the dishes to life!

One after another, the dishes floated into the air and formed an orderly queue above the wash-tub.

Then a brush and a dish cloth rose into the air, too, and began to rub and scrub at the dishes. Meanwhile, mops and brooms swished over the stone floor, mopping up any soapy water that happened to drip off the dishes!

"Th-th-the dishes are washing themselves!" gasped Wart, blinking his eyes in disbelief.

"Indeed! A little magic goes a long way, doesn't it?" grinned Merlin. "And now that the dishes are taking care of themselves, come along with me, boy. It's time we began your next lesson."

The wonderful wizard and his young chum took a walk in the woods surrounding Sir Ector's castle.

Once they were out of sight of the castle, Merlin asked Wart if he had ever thought about being a squirrel.

Before the boy had had time to reply, Merlin chanted one of his wonderful magic spells.

*"By hoot of owl  
And buzz of bee,  
A little squirrel  
You shall be!"*

In a flash, Wart was changed into a squirrel! So, too, was Merlin, a squirrel with white eyebrows and a white moustache. And for such an aged-looking squirrel, the wizard seemed remarkably nimble as he scampered up the trunk of the nearest tree!

Wart had to follow, but never having been a squirrel before he felt decidedly shaky as he made his way very carefully along some of the more slender branches.

"Now, m'boy," said Merlin, when the pair of them had reached a stout branch. "Today's lesson is about something called the force of gravity."

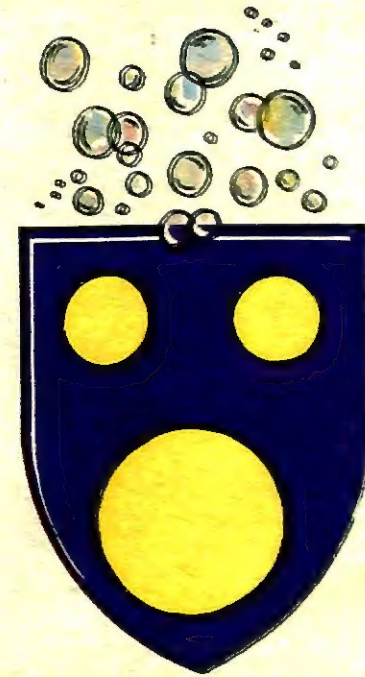
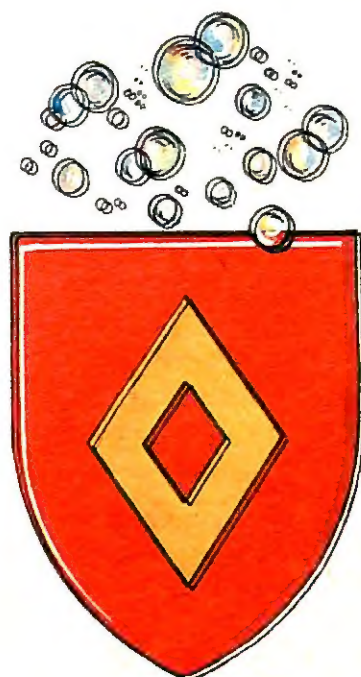
"Gravity?" asked Wart, strolling rather carelessly along to the end of the branch.

"That's right," continued Merlin, "and a very powerful thing it is, too. If you're not more careful and you tumble off that branch, gravity is what will make you fall down to the ground instead of just floating around in the air. . . ."

Interesting as Merlin's lesson was, Wart had stopped listening. A girl squirrel had come down to the branch on which he was perched, and she was staring at him with great interest.

The next moment, she bounded right up to Wart and sat down close beside him.

"Why, goodness me!" chortled Merlin. "I do believe it is love at first sight! You'd better be careful, Wart! Remember . . . when a girl squirrel chooses a partner, it's for life!"



"Th—th—the dishes are washing themselves!" gasped Wart.





A girl squirrel was staring at Wart with great interest.

Blushing, Wart backed away. But the girl squirrel followed him right along the branch and all the way down the tree trunk until they reached the ground.

"Please—go away. I'm not *really* a squirrel!" protested Wart. And then turning to Merlin he cried: "Don't just *sit* there, Merlin! Help me! Use your magic!"

Merlin thought it best to come to Wart's aid at that point. He made his way hurriedly down to the ground and uttered yet another of his magic spells:

*"By mouse's squeak  
And lion's roar,  
Make us as  
We were before!"*

In an instant, both he and Wart were changed back to their own selves again.

The girl squirrel sat on the ground, staring at Wart and looking very bewildered.

"I *tried* to tell you," explained the little lad to the squirrel. "I'm a human being, not a squirrel!"

A big tear rolled out of the squirrel's eye and plopped on to her fur. Sadly, she turned to scuttle back up the tree.

"Oh, what a shame! She's ever so upset!" sighed Wart.

"H'mmm, yes. Well, at least she's helped you to learn *another* very important lesson," said Merlin, looking on the bright side. "She's helped you to

learn that love is a very powerful thing. . . ."

"Is it more powerful than gravity?" asked Wart.

"Oh, you could say that, m'boy," smiled Merlin. "I suppose in a way it is the most powerful force on Earth."

"I've learned a lot today then, haven't I?" grinned Wart. "I've learned that gravity is the force that pulls us downwards, and love is the force that lifts us up!"

"Very clever, m'boy. Very clever indeed!" chuckled the wise old magician. "Come now, let us continue with our walk while the sun is still shining."

Now while Merlin and Wart were gone, an unfortunate thing happened at the castle. The cook, who had been taking forty winks, returned to the kitchen.

You can imagine, can't you, how surprised she was when she caught sight of all those dishes dancing about in mid-air, and the mops and broom sloshing around the floor!

"Eeeek! It's wizardry! That's what it is—wicked wizardry!" she shrieked. "Help! H-e-e-e-elp!"

Sir Ector and Kay, who were sitting in the great hall, heard her cries of alarm.

"Good gracious me! Whatever is going on in the kitchen?" gasped Sir Ector, grabbing his sword. "Come on, Kay! To the rescue!"

Boldly waving their swords before them, the fat

nobleman and his burly son dashed down to the kitchen. The amazing sight that met their eyes made them skid to a halt and just gape for a few moments.

Sir Ector was first to come back to his senses.

"How *dare* you dishes fly around like that?" he yelled, rather stupidly. "Come down this *minute*, I say!"

When he waved his sword at the dishes, however, the sword jolted in his hand as if it had struck an invisible stone wall and broke in two! And worse was to come! Sir Ector felt himself being lifted up as if by some giant invisible hand—and dumped into the tub of washing-up water!

"Odds bodikins!" he gasped. "This is the work of that wizard friend of Wart, and no mistake! Just wait till I get my hands on the lad! By jove, he and his magician chum will have some explaining to do!"

Well, Sir Ector struggled and gasped and spluttered and tried to pull himself out of the tub. But it was no use. He was jammed fast. Then Sir Ector heard a merry voice singing:

*"Rub-a-dub-dub!  
A knight in a tub!"*

It was Merlin who had come along to rescue Sir Ector. He waved his hands and the Knight was free. "GAH!" said Sir Ector as he stamped away to look for a new sword. (More next week.)



The sword jolted as if it had struck an invisible wall.



Sir Ector was dumped into a tub of washing-up water.



